Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:
Firſt he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night the beare had raſte his helme:
Beſides, he ſaies there are two councels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know yout Lordſhips pleaſure:
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeede poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the ſeparated councels:
His honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my ſeruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tel him his feates are ſhallow, wanting inſtancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockery of vnquiet ſlumbers,
To flie the boare, before the boare purſues vs,
Were to incenſe the boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe:
Go bid thy maiſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both togither to the tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the boare will vſe vs kindly.
Meſ. My gratious Lo: Ile tell him what you ſay. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo:
Haſt. Good morrow Catesby, you are early ſtirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lo:
And I beleeue it will neuer ſtand vpright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
Haſt. How? weare the garland? doeſt thou meane the crowne?
Cat. I my good Lord. *Haſt.*

Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoul
Ere I will ſee the crowne ſo foule miſplaſte:
But canſt thou gueſſe that he doth aime at it.
Cat. Vpon my life my Lo: and hopes to find you forw
Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Becauſe they haue bene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voice on Richards ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gratious mind
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my Maiſters hate,
Liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord,
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O Monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo falls it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knoweſt are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.
Enter Lord Stanley.
What my L: where is your boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the boare and go ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My Lo: good morrow: good morrow Catesby
You may ieſt on: but by the holy roode.
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My Lo: I holde my life as deare as you do y ou
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,